

nantly, "I didn't know *preachers* smoked," and from that time he has had no desire to become a preacher, nor to be compared to "grandma's preacher."

Several years ago I heard a little girl say of this same preacher, that she liked Brother ———, but did not like to have him hold her in his arms, for she did not like the smell of tobacco.

Readers, in this I have not attempted to tell facts not generally known, but in this beautiful, busy, rushing world, we sometimes do not take time to think of such things unless we are occasionally reminded of them by some one who is interested in the welfare of mankind.

#### SALVATION.

SELECTED BY MRS. Z. H. COPP.

"In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in God. Ps. lxii, 7."

Lo! where amid appalling dangers dread,  
The rock undaunted lifts its welcome head;  
The ship of commerce gayly sailed along,  
All hands were merry with their evening song;

When, lo! they scud before a sudden blast.  
The sails are shiver'd, broken is the mast;  
The ship is wreck'd, the storm rolls wildly round,

The sinking sailors have no footing found,  
In drowning plight, stunned by the wave's rude shock.

The lightning kindly points them to the rock;  
The rock they grasp, and raise themselves on high.

In conscious safety bid the storm pass by.  
So when mankind were wreck'd on Eden's shore,  
Loud was the tempest, loud the thunder's roar;

Earth, sea, and skies affrighted were, and toss'd,  
Tumultuous all, shall men be saved or lost?  
In that wild ocean of despair and dread,

The Rock of Ages lifts his lofty head;  
The sinner, sinking, stunn'd by Sinai's shock,  
By Sinai's lightning, now behold the Rock;  
With glad surprise, more clear his moral sight,  
He sees besides, a cross of heavenly light.  
The Rock he clambers, to the cross he clings.  
And saved from danger, of salvation sings.

A short time since, and that vessel was sailing calmly and securely over the soft, blue waves. The voice of song arose, and mingled its melodies with the light air around. Home, sweet home, was the theme which gladdened every heart. But, ah! thou treacherous sea! Thou deceitful wind! How changed the scene! The voice of song is departed, joy and gladness are no more. Instead of the music of soft symphonies, are heard the clamors of despair, the thunder's mighty roar—old ocean's harsh sounds, and the howling of the storm. The ship is driven fiercely before the gale, sails are rent, one of the masts is gone by the board, ruin steers the ill-fated ship; she strikes

upon reef, the billows roll over her, the crew are washed overboard. Night thickens around with his stormy horrors; manfully the drowning wretches buffet the waves; the lightning flings its lurid glare around, and shows them their awful condition; again it lightens, and they descry a rock, lifting its head above the billows, and promising a place of safety. Hope revives; they swim for the rock; soon "they make it." See they have got upon it. Now they are safe!

The vessel, sailing joyfully and securely before the gale began, may represent the safe and happy condition of our first parents before they were assailed by the storm of temptation; the drowning mariners denote the deplorable state of mankind since the fall, who are sinking amid the waves of guilt and woe; the tempest overhead denotes the storm that howls over the head of every sinner, in consequence of the violation of Jehovah's law. Sinai thunders forth its curses, and flashes its lightnings around the sinner's path, in order to show him his weakness, his guilt, and his danger. As the lightning points the drowning sailor to the rock, so the law directs or opens the way to Christ that the sinner might be justified by faith in the atonement.

The rock, rising in the troubled ocean, affording a shelter from the shipwreck, represents Christ, the Rock of Ages, who has borne all the fury of the storm for man, and who, by his cross giveth life and light to a dying world. The penitent sinner, feeling himself sinking in the mighty waters, and trembling alive to all the dangers of the tempest above, and to the more fearful dangers of the rolling waves beneath, escapes to the Rock, embraces the cross, and is safe; i. e., he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is saved.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never let tea boil.

The color of the jelly is spoiled by boiling too long.

Hold a hot shovel over furniture to remove white spots.

A pretty ornamental dish is the wax cherry preserved with the stem on.

Do not omit black currants from the

list. They are so useful in sickness.

If you have no dark closet for fruit, wrap the cans in paper to exclude the light.

A mass of cobweb pinched up in a wad and pressed to a cut will stop the flow of blood instantly.

Remove fruit stains from white goods by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the stains.

To extract ink from wood, scour with sand wet with water and ammonia. Then rinse with strong saleratus water.

To give a good oak color to a pine door, wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

To whiten the hands melt a half an ounce of camphor gum, half an ounce of glycerine and one pound of mutton tallow and apply every night.

A hornet's nest which has been deserted by the hornets, bound on the throat with a piece of flannel, will cure the most malignant sore throat.

Salt and water will prevent the hair from falling out, and will cause new hair to grow. Do not use so strong as to leave white particles upon the hair when dry.

When fine feathers have been strewn over the floor dampen the carpet slightly; you can then get the feathers together with light sweeping and take them up in a wad.

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.

#### LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

I heard of two little children—a boy and girl—who used to play a great deal together. One day the boy said, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother, the expression sounding a little odd. "Yes, replied the child, 'if you take everything she's got, he don't get angry. Before, she was selfish, and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly boy.' But now, she always tries to please others, and does not try to have her own way about everything."—*Kind Words.*